

CLERICAL HEALING.

A Medical View of the Emmanuel Church Movement.

At present the catchword of the Emmanuel movement is "functional disease." We are told repeatedly that the clerical healers will have nothing to do with any sufferer from organic disease and they use their medically trained allies to separate the functional sheep from the organic goats...

Will these clerical healers abandon a functional disease to the medical healers when it is discovered to be dependent upon an organic lesion of brain, spinal cord, or sympathetic nervous system, or will they simply deny its organic basis and continue to treat it? And once they find themselves treating one disease called organic why not others—why not all? Every physician knows that "cheerfulness, hope, courage and religious faith and prayer," which constitute the pharmacopoeia of the New York school of clerical healing are just as necessary in the treatment of tuberculosis as in that of constipation...

How Do You Remember?

To fix their memories, and ultimately to think men make use of images, but all do not use the same kind of representation. We may nevertheless following the studies of Charcot, reduce them to three types.

These types may be understood from the following questions: Verbal Audition. When you think are you one of those who hear with themselves interiorly mentally all the words of their thoughts, like Rivarolo, who declared that in retreat and in silence a man in meditation hears within himself, a secret voice, calling by name all the objects of which he thinks?

Verbal Visual Imagination. Are you one of those on the contrary, who read the words of their thoughts as if written before them? Charms has said "We think our writing as we write our thought. In this case it is your own handwriting that you see or printed characters? How are the lines arranged?"

Verbal Articulation. Finally are you one of those who speak mentally the words of their thoughts? Are you like Montaigne who tells us "What we say we must first say to our selves we must make it sound in words in our ears, before giving it out to others. Paris Cosmos translated for Literary Digest.

He Was Hungry.

John J. Hayes, the Marathon hero at a dinner in New York concluded a toast with a story.

"Truly," he said, "we must work. We must not rest on our laurels. As the President told us, it would be a pity to see an Olympic winner twenty years hence a tramp."

Yet such things have happened. A cousin of mine, the forman of a Chicago iron mill, once employed a tramp who had been a Yale baseball champion. Their acquaintance began in a way that showed the tramp still to be game and cheery.

"It was a cold autumn dawn, and the tramp had slept in front of a furnace on a warm stone.

"My cousin, being short of laborers, on his morning tour of inspection, spotted the fellow and thought he would give him a job.

"My man," he said, "can you do anything with a shovel?"

"The tramp smiled.

"Well I could try a piece of ham on it."

Molasses to Drive Motor.

Suggestions are being made to the sugar planters of South America and elsewhere that industrial alcohol, making excellent fuel for driving engines, might be distilled from the surplus stock of molasses, says the Dundee Advertiser. According to the experiments made in the United States where the output of beet and cane sugar combined reaches some 400,000 tons, about one gallon of industrial alcohol can be obtained from three gallons of molasses, and as the price of the latter is quite nominal on most large sugar estates, the alcohol would be cheap. Launches on South American and African rivers, which must at present trust to the troublesome and lengthy process of cutting timber for their fuel, could thus be superseded by motor boats—a change which would be in many ways welcome in the rubber trade.

A Book of Gold.

The most valuable work in existence is said to be a copy of the Koran, now treasured in the Mohammedan city of Ispan-Ruza, Persia. The covers, 1-2 by 4 inches, are of solid gold, 1-8-inch thick, while precious stones set in symbolic designs figure in the centre and at each of the corners. The book is written upon parchment, and this part of the work alone is valued at \$1000.

AWAITED DEATH IN A GRAVE.

Japanese Youth's Attempt to Bury Himself and Die Afterward.

A youth of Kobe, Japan, who sought to commit suicide by burying himself alive and paid an accomplice 25 cents to spade the earth upon his coffin achieved some degree of notoriety even in Japan, where new things are happening every day. He failed of his original purpose, however.

A policeman was strolling along the bank of the Minatogawa River outside of Kobe one day last month when he happened to spy a joint of bamboo pipe sticking a few inches above a mound of fresh earth. Being a Japanese and also a policeman, his curiosity was especially keen. He looked down the bamboo pipe, but could see nothing.

Then he began to dig around the pipe. He had a considerable wrench put on his nerves when a voice came out of the end of the pipe right at his ear. "Honorably condescend to go away and permit me to die peacefully."

But the policeman did not go. He dug some more and finally unearthed a pine box, the length of a man's body and about three feet wide. The bamboo pipe led through an opening into the box. The policeman pried off the cover of the box, securely nailed down and dumped the self-appointed corpse out.

Yamada Katsutaro, the man who would thus have died, told the prefect of police that he had wanted to die in a seemingly fashion because he was out of work. The lack of food had suggested to him the practicability of starving himself to death but in order to be sure that he should accomplish this purpose he had determined to bury himself in a securely nailed coffin and await the ravages of hunger. He didn't want to suffocate first, hence the bamboo pipe.

The day before the policeman discovered him Yamada said he prepared the box and the services of a coffin. Then he dug the hole out on the bank and after giving the coffin his own and fifty yen his last bit of money he was called up in his coffin, lowered into the grave and covered under six feet of soil.

Yamada promised never to try burying himself alive again and the police let him go.

The Indian and the Telephone. The Indians are great on using the telephone. They have but little or no use for the local boards, their calls being over the long distance. They do not put in a call for the individual. They do not ask for White Eagle at Canton or Flying Cloud at Darlington. The call is for "Any Cheyenne." The same is true as to the Arapahoes; any member of the tribe serves.

An Indian puts in a call for any member of his tribe at Canton, Darlington, Colony, Lawton or any point it is up to the manager to go out on the street and pick up an Indian. Any one will do so he is put up to the phone and the talk proceeds. The talk being in Indian no one knows what it is about.

If an Indian say in Clinton wants to reach one of his people say forty miles from Canton or any other given point he calls for one of his tribesmen, tells him the message he desires delivered and it is his business to do it. If even though it requires a night trip and a storm.

A little Indian baby died near Clinton last year and its mother desired that her relatives attend the funeral services. They lived out on the prairie northwest from Canton. The telephone was used and a member of the tribe directed to deliver the message to the mother's relatives. It was delivered by a courier across the prairie and canons, and the relative came in over the Orient next day.

Last summer a call came to Clinton for a Kiowa that was a poser for the manager. However, he found upon inquiry among the Cheyennes that there was one who had lived among the Kiowas and spoke the dialect. He was put up to the phone and received the talk.

She Had a Vocabulary, too. At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock in the morning and exclaim, "Maria, get up. I've thought of a good word!" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of-word.

About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the bard whereupon he would again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up. I've thought of a better word!" The company in general listened to the story with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked: "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, 'Alpheus, get up yourself. I've thought of a bad word!'"

Not All Loss. Quotations cleverly malapropos or neatly distorted furnish half the wit of the professional humorist. Never is spontaneous, there is often real fun in it. A young man had been out sailing with his sister and a friend of hers. He did not know particularly well the fine points of the art, and on trying to make the landing against a head wind, he exclaimed, after several vain attempts: "Well, it is better to have tried to land than never to have landed at all."

AN AERIAL FERRY.

Can Carry a Street Car, Two Wagons and 350 Passengers.

Perhaps the most remarkable bridge in the world, in fact the only bridge of the kind in the world, is the aerial ferry which extends across an artificial canal separating Minnesota Point from the city of Duluth.

In order to provide a short cut to her harbor, Duluth dug a canal across the point, thereby turning its extremity into an island, much to the chagrin of sundry residents thereon. To help them the city for a while carried them to and fro in rowboats, then by a steam ferry as their numbers increased.

The steamboat was slow and expensive, says St. Nicholas, and everybody soon wanted something better. Then Duluth built an aerial ferry bridge 136 feet high in the clear, so as not to interfere with the tallest masts, and from the bridge suspended a car 50 feet long by 34 feet wide, in which passengers travel across the canal rapidly and in comfort.

The floor of the car is 6 feet above the ground and only a little more than that above the water. The car itself is fastened to metal rods or hangers, which in turn are attached to wheels that roll on a track on the overhead bridge 135 or more feet in the air.

The car is moved by electricity and makes the passage across the canal in a little more than one minute. It will carry at one time 135,000 pounds, which is said to be equal to a fully loaded double truck street car, two loaded wagons with their teams, and 350 passengers. It makes twelve trips an hour between 5 in the morning and midnight.

An Accomplished Kentuckian.

Notice. Know all men by these presents that I, Shadrach H. Armstrong have coal oil for sale at 10 cents per gallon. Some say it ain't good oil, but I say it is. I will also give your broomcorn, one-half for the other. I crush corn every Thursday by toll gate. Turkeys picked very promptly any day of week. Horse shoeing a specialty at 6 bits around. Watch and pistol repairing guaranteed. Shoes half soled while you wait. Umbrellas fixed and ax handles made for 15 cents. Will teach Southern harmony and the fiddle combine for \$25. Pictures enlarged by a new process and my hot tamale and hair oil receipt 30 for 25 cents. Hair cutting only on Sat. eve., 20 cents per head. A good stripper cow for sale. Also agent for the Jones Wagon Hoist, the Tom McElrath Tobacco Duster, and Foot's Medical Advertiser. Rufe Langston is my attorney, and my terms is cash—first because I know you second because I don't know you. Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer.

Brought Out Buried Treasure.

A curious fact has come to light in connection with the late famine in India. Even in the districts which were most affected, it is now possible to collect the suspended land revenue and tax, and district officers have noticed that many of the rumpes paid in on these accounts have obviously been buried. It seems quite evident that the famine, severe as it was, did not exhaust the resources of the people and that at least a portion of the lakhs advanced were promptly buried against the day when the sircar should demand their repayment.

The First Eviction.

People sometimes complain that the sense of humor is dying out in Ireland. We are, therefore, especially glad to record a proof to the contrary. An Irish tenant who had just bought under the purchase act boasted to the agent that his landlord was now "God Almighty" and that he need fear nothing. "Don't you be too sure, Pat," was the reply. "Remember God Almighty evicted his first two tenants." Spectator.

Widow Suicide in China.

Old customs die very hard in China, and in several parts of the Celestial Empire it is still considered a high act of virtue for a woman to publicly commit suicide after the death of her husband. According to the law the proceeding is actually legal in some provinces, and such is the state of public opinion that in districts where it is officially prohibited the authorities rarely interfere.

Most Powerful Searchlight.

The flagship Connecticut of the United States navy is now equipped with the most powerful searchlight in the world. The great mirror is five feet in diameter, and was made for the government in Germany. The searchlight will throw such an immense beam of light that it will be able to detect a submarine or torpedo boat at a distance of ten miles.

To Mark a Key.

When there are two or more keys on the key ring of approximate size and appearance draw a file over the stem of the one most in use. This makes a nick which easily distinguishes it from the others. The little dent is better than a string or other mark, the key being easily recognized by it (in slipping it through one's fingers) in the dark.

Artificial Silk Made in France.

France has five great mills and a number of smaller ones at which artificial silk is made. There are three kinds of it.

Doubtless.

Men who say they were driven to drink would doubtless have arrived sooner at that unhappy condition had they not been driven to it.

GUINERS STEAL BELLS.

Taken from Church and Jail—Metal of Counterfeiters.

The strange theft of a church bell from the chapter house of Southwark Cathedral, London, the other day was paralleled some few years ago by the mysterious disappearance of the big bell of a famous English jail. It was in its place one evening and the next morning it had vanished. The affair was kept a secret from the press, in accordance with the traditional policy pursued by our prison authorities, and for a long while nobody knew what had become of the missing article.

Eventually, however, it leaked out that it had been stolen by one of the convicts with the connivance of a warden. The thief was a professional coiners whose period of detention was on the point of expiring and his reason for desiring the acquisition of so much good metal is sufficiently obvious to need no explanation.

In all probability the missing Southwark bell was annexed for a similar purpose, although other ends have been had in view in the past by stealers of such articles. There was, for instance, the case of too antiquary who stole the famous St. Killis bell from its place in the tower of Killis Church in Perthshire.

The warden believed that the bell if surreptitiously carried away would extricate itself from the hands of the thief of its own accord and return home ringing all the way; and the antiquary, when called to account, pleaded that he took the bell in order to prove the falsity of this particular popular superstition. Then there was that "Ralph the Rover" of Southern's well known ballad who stole the Inchcape bell in order that peaceful merchantmen might be wrecked upon the dreaded reef. He perished himself, with all his crew, because of the absence of its warning note; a fact known to every schoolboy.

Neighbor's Chickens.

A Philadelphia business man bought a country home near Devon a short time ago, a beautiful place about sixteen acres, upon which before his advent an old negro with a large family had been employed as caretaker. The new owner had resolved to live close to nature and raise his own truck and vegetables, as well as conduct a poultry yard and keep some livestock, and thought it advisable to retain the negro as sage and mentor in matters agricultural.

Calling the old man into his study one morning he said to him: "Jefferson, do the folks living opposite you keep chickens?" "Yes, sah," "Yes, sah," replied Jefferson. "Dat-uh-sah, dey-keeps-some ob dem."—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Howe's Opinion.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's sense of the ridiculous has always been a saving grace, leading her to avoid grandiloquence. On one occasion a lady at Newport trying to get a fine sentiment out of her, said, one moonlit evening on a vine-bow veranda, "Mrs. Howe, do say something lovely about my piazza." Whereupon every one listened for the reply. In her delicately cultivated voice Mrs. Howe responded, "I think it is a bully piazza." New York Herald.

Military Drill for All the Idle.

Compulsion (military) might be fairly applied to the idle, be they poor or rich. The unemployed whom we support would be better learning military drill than halfheartedly doing work for which they are not suited and which reduces employment somewhere else. Men who have money but do nothing of any use to the state might be put under the same discipline. —London Times.

Grievance of Suffragists.

The suffrage papers are still grieving over their mistake as to Sweden having granted the ballot, to women. The dispatch which caused the mistake read, "to all inhabitants of 24 other countries are asking if Sweden does not enumerate its women among its inhabitants when taking its census."

A Holy Diet.

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment?" "The moth," one of them shouted, confidently, "it eats nothing but holes."—Youth's Companion.

Gardens with Schools.

The school-garden idea has been remarkably developed in San Antonio, Tex., which is said to have more gardens attached to its schools than any other place of its size in the world. There are 949 of these cultivated spots attached to the 27 schools, the gardens varying from one-tenth to one-quarter of an acre.

Workingmen Inventors.

To whom can we credit the development of all the great mechanical arts if not to the workman? Did any trainee, professional engineer have anything to do with the practical adoption of steam for power, the invention of textile machines, or the adaptation of electricity for lighting and driving?

The Man Fond of His Work.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may he is equal to any of those who follow the same turning in alien wilderness. He will do more in the same time as will do it better. He will overcome longer hours of work.

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